

OUT OF THE CITY. A STORY OF THE NEW WOMAN.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

His way now led towards the river-side regions, and a cleansing whiff of tar was to be detected in the stagnant autumn air. Men with the blue Jersey and peaked cap of the boatman, or the white duck of the dockers, began to replace the corduroys and fustian of the laborers. Shops with nautical instruments in the windows, rope and paint sellers, and shop shops with long rows of oilskins dangling from hooks, all proclaimed the neighborhood of the docks. The Admiral quickened his pace and straightened his figure as his surroundings became more nautical, until at last, peeping between two high, dingy wharfs, he caught a glimpse of the mud-colored waters of the Thames, and of the bristle of masts and funnels which rose from its broad bosom. To the right lay a quiet street, with many brass plates upon either side, and wire blinds in all the windows. The Admiral walked slowly down it until "The Saint Lawrence Shipping Company" caught his eye. He crossed the road, pushed open the door, and found himself in a low-ceilinged office, with a long counter at one end and a great number of wooden sections of ships stuck upon boards and plastered all over the walls.

"Is Mr. Henry in?" asked the Admiral. "No, sir," answered an elderly man from a high seat in the corner. "He has not come into town to-day. I can manage any business you may wish seen to."

"You don't happen to have a first or second officer's place vacant, do you?" The manager looked with a dubious eye at his singular applicant.

"Do you hold certificates?" he asked. "I hold every nautical certificate there is."

"Then you won't do for us." "Why not?" "Your age, sir."

"I give you my word that I can see as well as ever, and am as good a man in every way."

"Why should my age be a bar, then?" "Well, I must put it plainly. If a man of your age, holding certificates, has not got past a second officer's berth, there must be a black mark against him somewhere. I don't know what it is, drink or temper, or want of judgment, but something there must be."

"I assure you there is nothing, but I find myself stranded, and so have to turn to the old business again."

"Oh, that's it," said the manager, with suspicion in his eye. "How long were you in your last billet?" "Fifty-one years."

"What?" "Yes, sir, one-and-fifty years."

"In the same employ?" "Yes."

"Why, you must have begun as a child."

"I was twelve when I joined."

"It must be a strangely managed business," said the manager, "which allows men to leave it who have served for fifty years, and who are still as good as ever. Whom did you serve?"

"The Queen. Heaven bless her!" "Oh, you were in the Royal navy. What rating did you hold?"

"I am Admiral of the Fleet."

The manager started, and sprang down from his high stool.

"My name is Admiral Hay Denver. There is my card. And here are the records of my service. I don't, you understand, want to push another man from his berth; but if you should chance to have a berth open, I should be very glad of it. I know the navigation from the Cod Banks right up to Montreal a great deal better than I know the streets of London."

The astonished manager glanced over the blue papers which his visitor had handed him. "Won't you take a chair, Admiral?" said he.

"Thank you! But I should be obliged if you would drop my title now. I told you because you asked me, but I've left the quarter deck, and am plain Mr. Hay Denver now."

"May I ask," said the manager, "are you the same Denver who commanded at one time on the North American station?"

"I did."

"Then it was you who got one of our boats, the *Comus*, off the rocks in the Bay of Fundy? The directors voted you three hundred guineas as salvage, and you refused them."

"It was an offer which should not have been made," said the Admiral sternly. "Well, it reflects credit upon you that you should think so. If Mr. Henry were here I am sure that he would arrange this matter for you at once. As it is, I shall lay it before the directors to-day, and I am sure that they will be proud to have you in our employment, and, I hope, in some more suitable position than that which you suggest."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the Admiral, and started off again, well pleased, upon his homeward journey.

CHAPTER XV.

STILL AMONG SHOALS.

NEXT day brought the Admiral a cheque for £5,000 from Mr. McAdam, and a stamped agreement by which he made over his pension papers to the speculative inventor. It was not until he had signed and sent it off that the full significance of all that he had done broke upon him. He had sacrificed everything.

said Harold at last. "The Walkers have not come out yet. I think that it would be well if you were to give me that cheque, mother, and I were to return it in person."

"Certainly, Harold. I think it would be very nice."

He went in through the garden. Clara and the Doctor were sitting together in the dining-room. She sprang to her feet at the sight of him.

"Oh, Harold, I have been waiting for you so impatiently," she cried; "I saw you pass the front windows half an hour ago. I would have come in if I dared. Do tell us what has happened."

"I have come in to thank you both. How can I repay you for your kindness? Here is your cheque, Doctor. I have not needed it. I find that I can lay my hands on enough to pay my creditors."

"Thank God!" said Clara fervently. "The sum is less than I thought, and our resources considerably more. We have been able to do it with ease."

"With ease!" The Doctor's brow clouded and his manner grew cold. "I think, Harold, that you would do better to take this money of mine, than to use that which seems to you to be gained with ease."

"Thank you, sir. If I borrowed from any one it would be from you. But my father has this very sum, five thousand pounds, and, as I tell him, I owe him so much that I have no compunction about owing him more."

"No compunction! Surely there are some sacrifices which a son should not allow his parents to make."

"Sacrifices! What do you mean?" "Is it possible that you do not know how this money has been obtained?"

"I give you my word, Doctor Walker, that I have no idea. I asked my father, but he refused to tell me."

"I thought not," said the Doctor, the gloom clearing from his brow. "I was sure that you were not a man who, to clear yourself from a little money difficulty, would sacrifice the happiness of your mother and the health of your father."

"Good gracious! what do you mean?" "It is only right that you should know. That money represents the commutation of your father's pension. He has reduced himself to poverty, and intends to go to sea again to earn a living."

"To sea again! Impossible!" "It is the truth. Charles Westmacott has told Ida. He was with him in the City when he took his poor pension about from dealer to dealer trying to sell it. He succeeded at last, and hence the money."

"He has sold his pension!" cried Harold, with his hands to his face. "My dear old dad has sold his pension!" He rushed from the room, and burst wildly into the presence of his parents once more. "I can not take it, father," he cried. "Better bankruptcy than that. Oh, if I had only known your plan! We must have back the pension. Oh, mother, mother, how could you think me capable of such selfishness? Give me the check, dad, and I will see this man to-night, for I would sooner die like a dog in the ditch than to touch a penny of this money."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

A Bright Little Newsboy Answers a Lady in a Smart and Caustic Manner.

A small and dirty newsboy worked a paying game for a week or so down in the shopping districts, says Chicago Tribune. He would don a most pathetic expression, go up to a woman and say, "Missis, won't you buy a paper? Dis is my birthday and I ain't sold hardly any." Of course he would sell one in nine cases out of ten and would generally get a nickel and be told to keep the change. He must have kept this up fully a week and reaped a bountiful harvest. At last one young woman who had tired of the same story and who became rather skeptical on the subject of the "birthdays," stopped the young genius and remarked in tones clear enough to be heard some little distance, "See here, little boy, what did you say about your birthday?"

"Lady, please buy a paper; dis is my birthday, and I ain't sold but one paper to-day," whined the young rascal.

"Now, little boy, to my certain knowledge you have had a birthday every day this week. Aren't you ashamed to tell such stories?"

He was cornered for a minute and stood with head cast down and every appearance of remorse. At last he looked up with a most innocent expression and said: "Well, you see, lady, you en me we're different. I ain't very old, en I thought I'd have a lot of birthdays to onet, en den I could quit havin' 'em, like you. See?"

She concluded he was past reforming and, slipping a dime in his hand, moved on sighing over the wickedness of the generation, while the young sinner executed a pas seul of his own invention.

Thinks He Is an Engine.

There is now in the county jail at Ann Arbor, Mich., awaiting a vacancy in the Pontiac asylum, a young man who imagines he is a train of cars. He spends nearly all his time in imitating the noises attendant on starting up and stopping a railroad train. Every sound and movement he produces with startling fidelity and detail. When the officer found him he was on the railroad track, and from his actions was just getting up steam. Soon he said it was time to start, ordered the fireman to fill the tank with water and the tender with coal, imitating every act perfectly. Then he pulled out the lever and started the train, running so fast that it was necessary to head him off with a horse. His whistle for "down brake" can be heard a mile. He is about 17 years old.

The Very First.

Briggs—The first fight on record was between Cain and Abel, wasn't it? Riggs—Nah! The first occurred when the serpent took a fall out of Adam.

Well Situated.

There is in North Carolina a post-office called "Troublesome," not so very far from "Matrimony."

Many a supposed giant has turned out to be only a shadow.

We have all blamed Adam for falling, but God never did.

Do right yourself, and you will help some other man to behave himself.

The poorest people in the world are those who try to keep all they get.

The devil fears no man's profession when it is higher than his practice.

Make home like heaven, and you will make the children want to go there.

Mothers who have used Parker's Ginger Tonic for years insist that it benefits more than other medicines; every form of distress and weakness yield to it.

Some men divide their lives between trying to forget and trying to recover from the effects of trying to forget.

Stindercoma is a simple remedy. But it takes out the corn, and what a consolation is it! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists.

Everything good lost in this world will be found in heaven.

Love never has to be watched to see that it does honest work.

"Castles in the air are walled in by fancy," remarked the poet. "Faith, I'd prefer a rale fence," said Pat.

There are eleven daily newspapers in China—nine printed in Chinese, one in English and one in French.

The cellar in the bank of France resembles a large warehouse. Silver coin is stored there in 800 large barrels.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

The greater the house built on the sand, the greater will be the loss.

When our hearts refuse to pray as Christ teaches, he is no longer our Lord.

NOTE.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling, Headache, Sleeplessness, etc. Send to Dr. Kline, 1531 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 1531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Every trial God permits us to have, is to teach us something new about Christ.

If the Baby Is Cutting Teeth.

Reburs and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WIGGOLD'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Prove that there is no devil, and every man in the world will be your friend.

As soon as we begin to have peace with God, we begin to have war with self.

The man whose heart is set on things perishable, loses all when they perish.

A Birmingham factory girl befriended an old man, and as a consequence was left \$45,000 when he died a few days ago.

French horsemeat is 7 cents a pound.

If Troubled With Sore Eyes Jackson's Indian Eye Salve will positively cure them. 25c at all drug stores.

Salvation Army work has penetrated Denmark.

It is said there are no religious periodicals published in Idaho.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure corns, blisters, etc. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

All branches of protestantism have in Europe an estimated membership of 80,812,000.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. U. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Rev. D. S. Gregory, D. D., LL. D., has succeeded to the editorship of The Homiletic Review.

About two-thirds of all the Protestants in the world belong to the Anglo-Saxon race; that is, 100,000,000 of the total.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't report

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Paper belts gain favor.

Tucson has a woman butcher.

Our shoe exports are booming.

Oregon has 565,000 acres in pears.

'Friscos is to have a 15-story edifice.

A man hates everybody's dog but his own.

No man likes to order things for the house.

A camel can work eight days without drinking, and a man can drink eight days without working.

A Hearty Welcome To returning peace by dry and tranquillity at night is extended by the rheumatic patient who owes these blessings to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay the use of this fine anodyne for pain and purifier of the blood an instant beyond the point when the disease manifests itself. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia, liver complaint, la grippe and irregularity of the bowels are relieved and cured by the Bitters.

Every man longs to be a woman just long enough to show what a good wife he would be.

If Satan ever laughs it must be at the hypocrites, they are the greatest dupes he has.

It seems appropriate enough for a whisky firm to go into liquidation.

Because a man is a dwarf is no excuse for his being short in his accounts.

A Texas miser keeps everything under lock and key, and he even bolts his food.

"I'll see you later," as the boxer said when his opponent had closed both his peepers.

What others drink distresses a teetotaler more than it does others, frequently.

A handsome female photographer ought to do a good business with her taking ways.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass. Oct. 23, '94

It is as easy for some men to be witty as it is difficult for some to be otherwise than dull.

"Never play at any game of chance." The man who hides four aces in his sleeve observes this rule.

Wherever God's will is law, nothing but purity can exist.

The people of the United States use on an average 12,000,000 postage stamps of all kinds each day of the year, or a total of 4,380,000,000 per annum.

Beloit college has thrown open its doors to women. Thirty-three girls entered with this year's freshman class.

Selfishness is a hard snake to kill.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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